THE SWORD INTERVAL

BEN FLEUTER

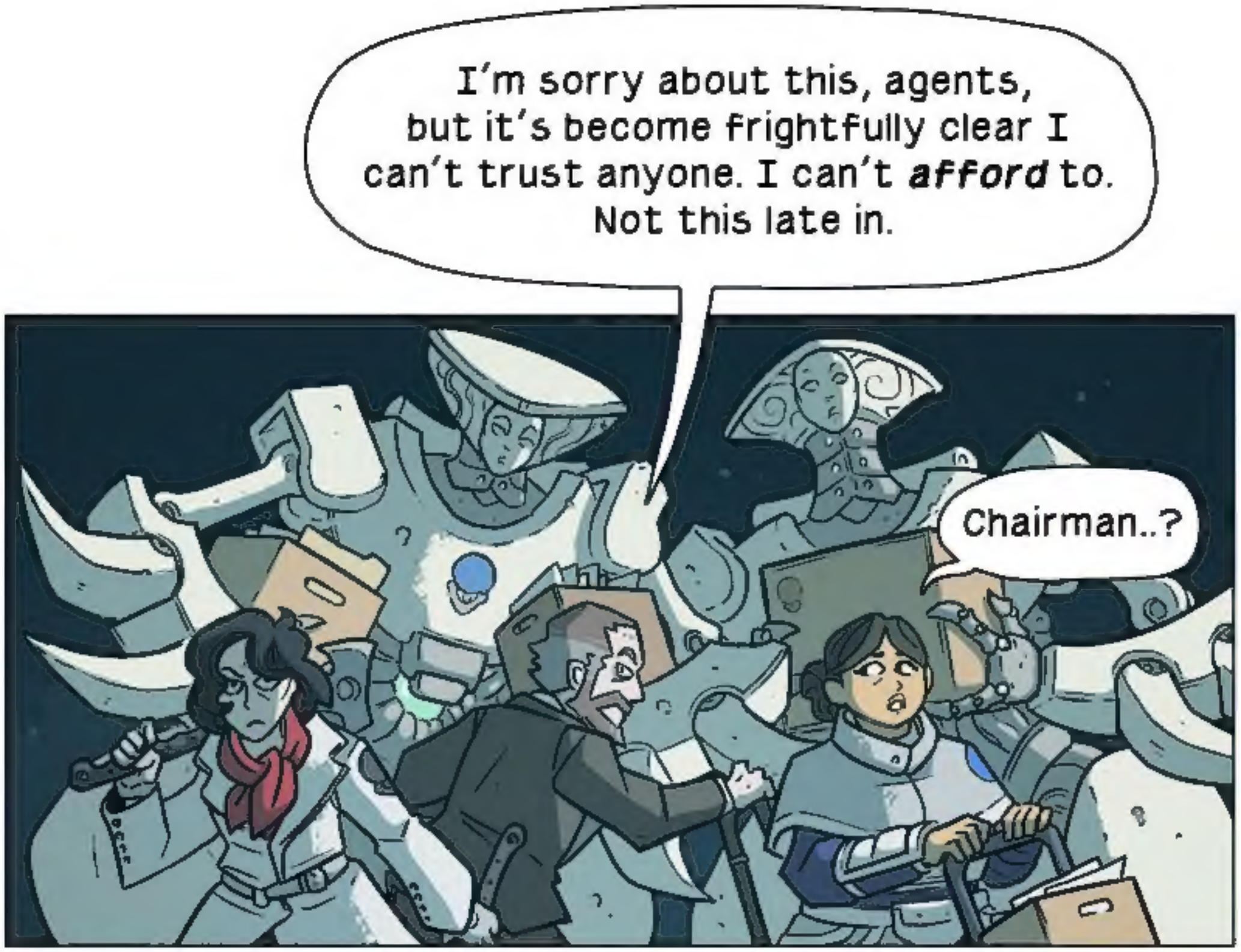
SACRED
ARCHITECTURE

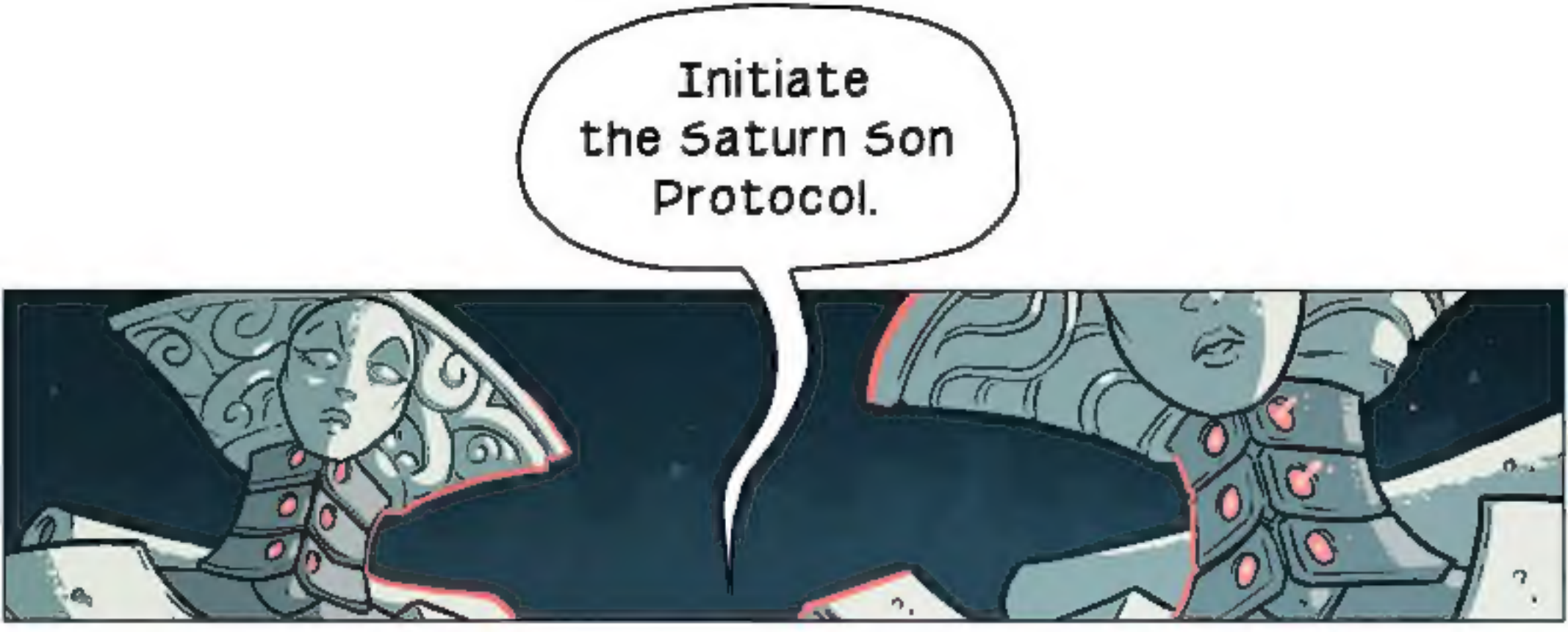
Well!
The so-called Verdant Hunter. And my lost toy soldier.

And Agent Ivanova. Good timing. I gather you've finished with Mr. Hult.
Just two final targets, if you will.

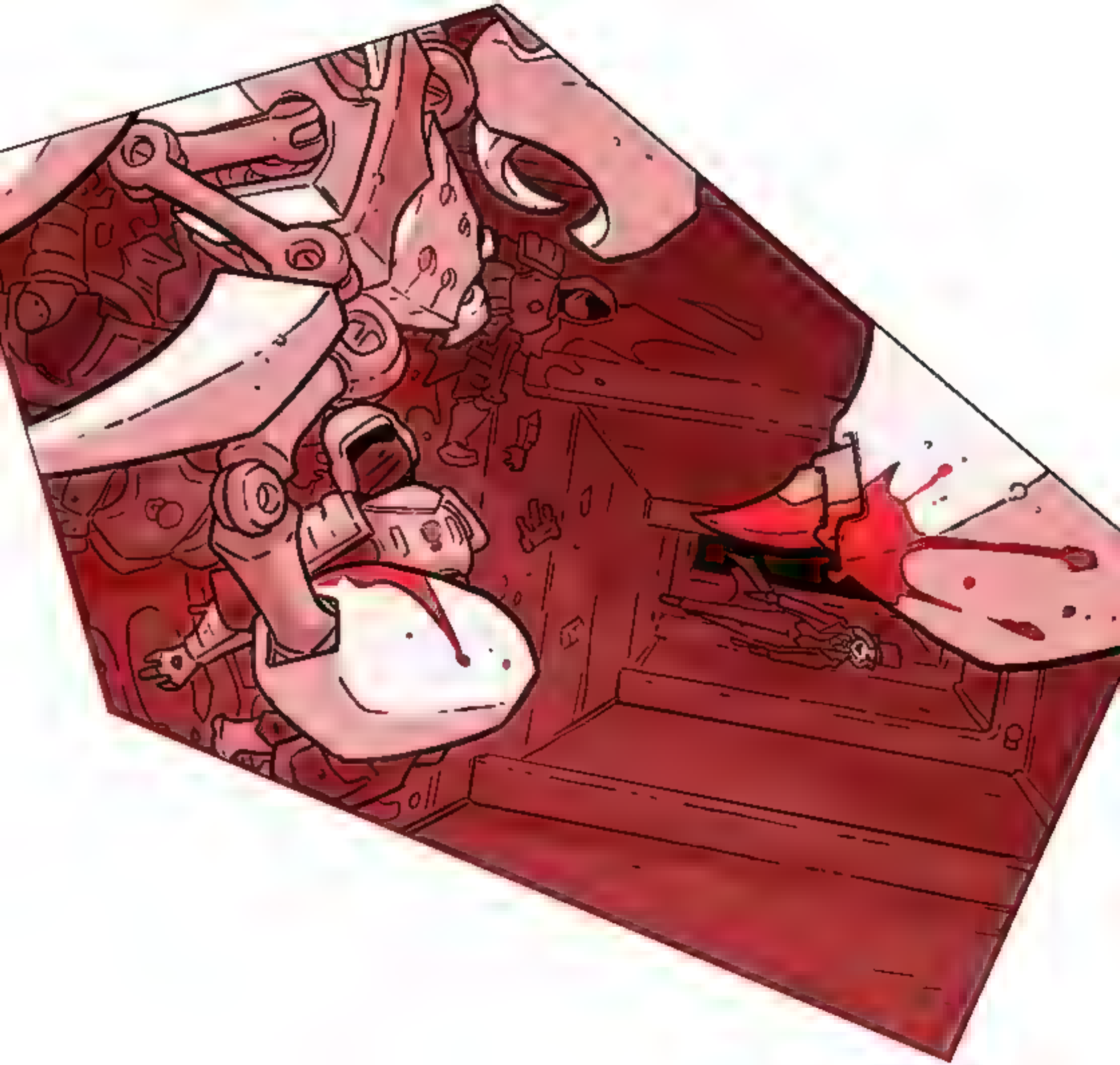
...It's time to stand down, Mr. Gold.

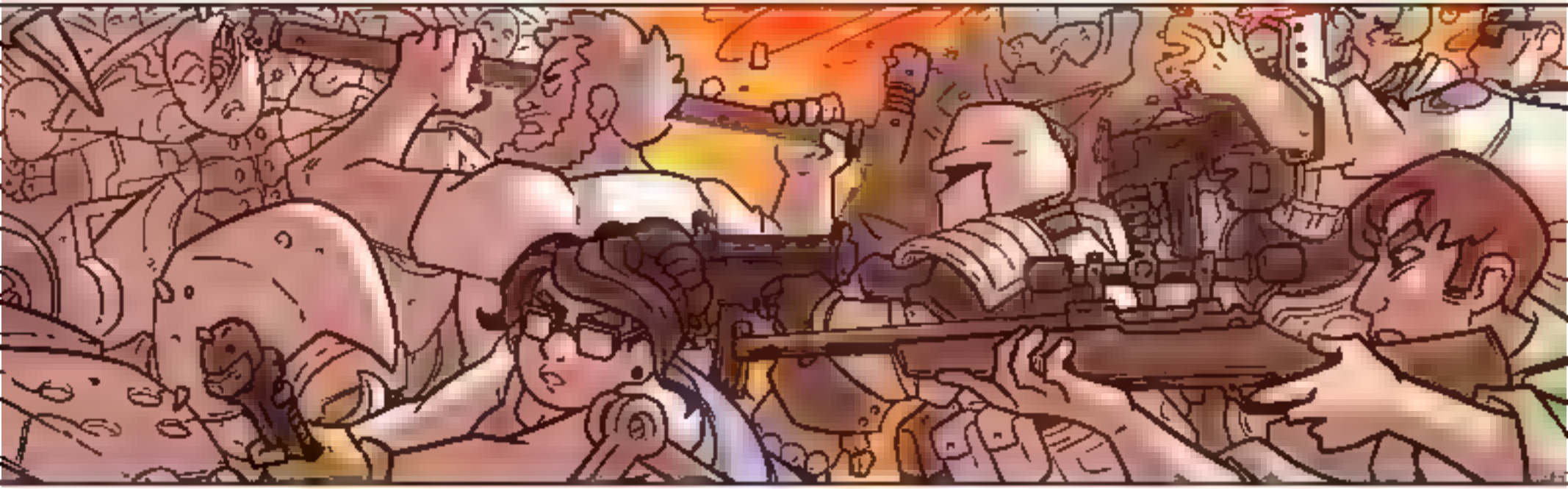
siiigh-
A busy day for mutineers...
D?

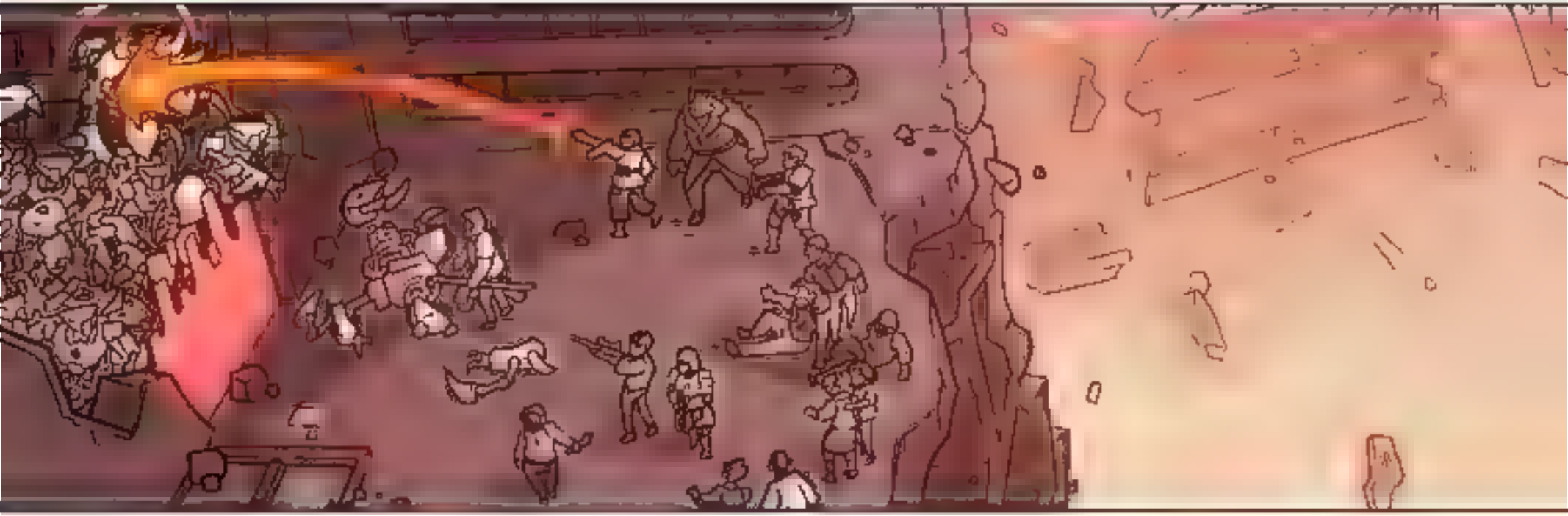

I'm sorry about this, agents, but it's become frightfully clear I can't trust anyone. I can't ***afford*** to. Not this late in.
Chairman..?

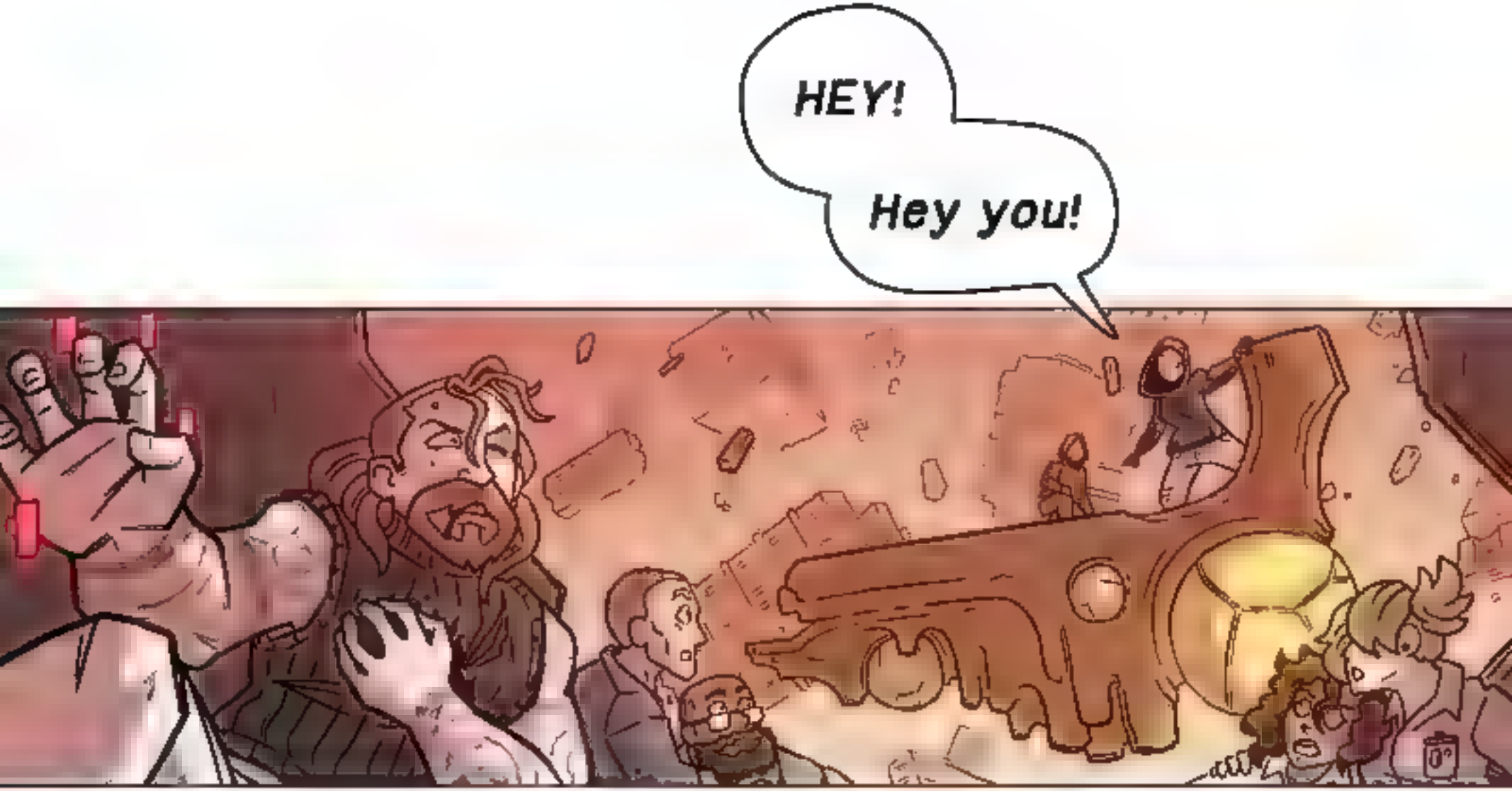

Initiate the Saturn Son Protocol.

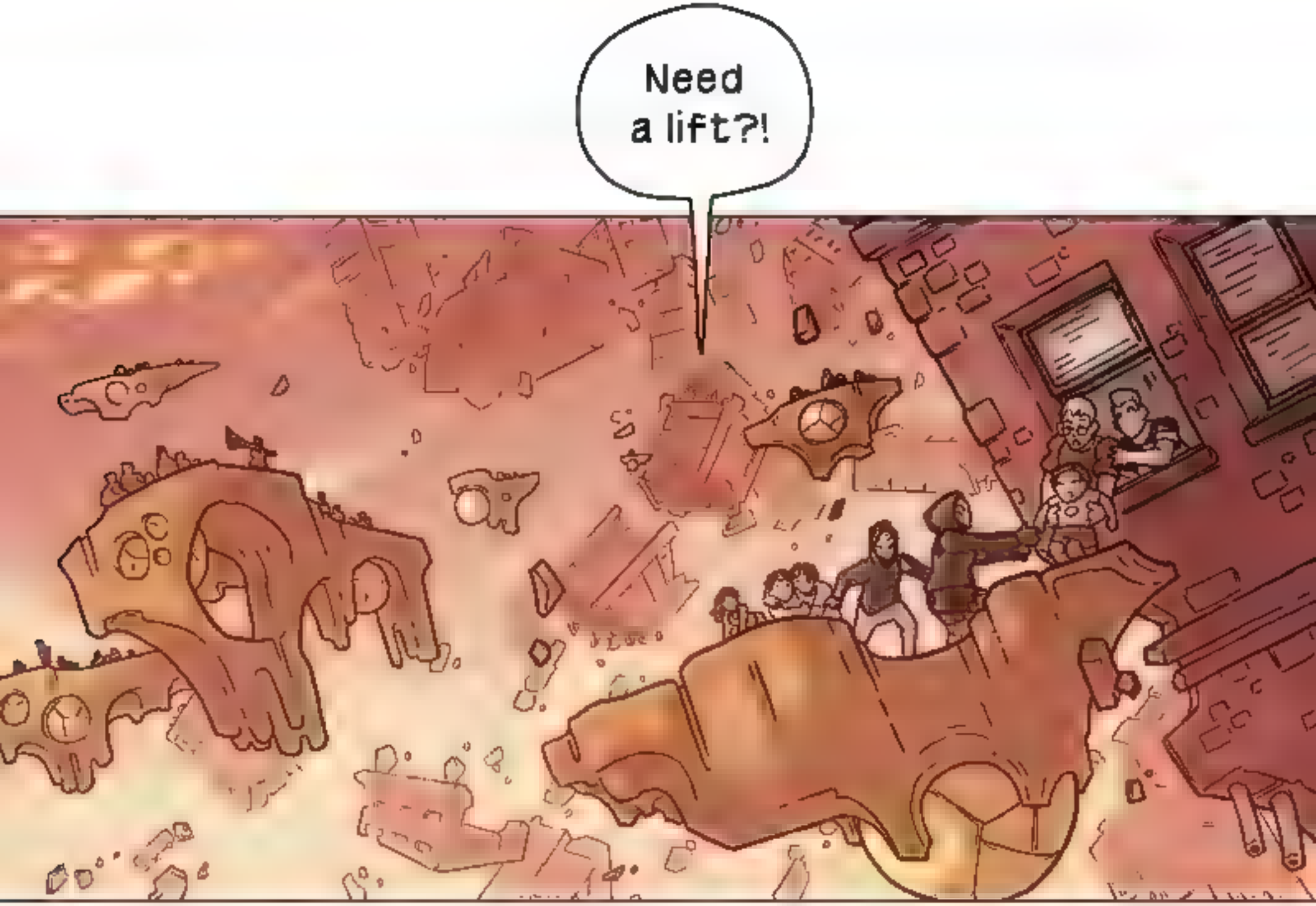
You're all soon to be corpses regardless.

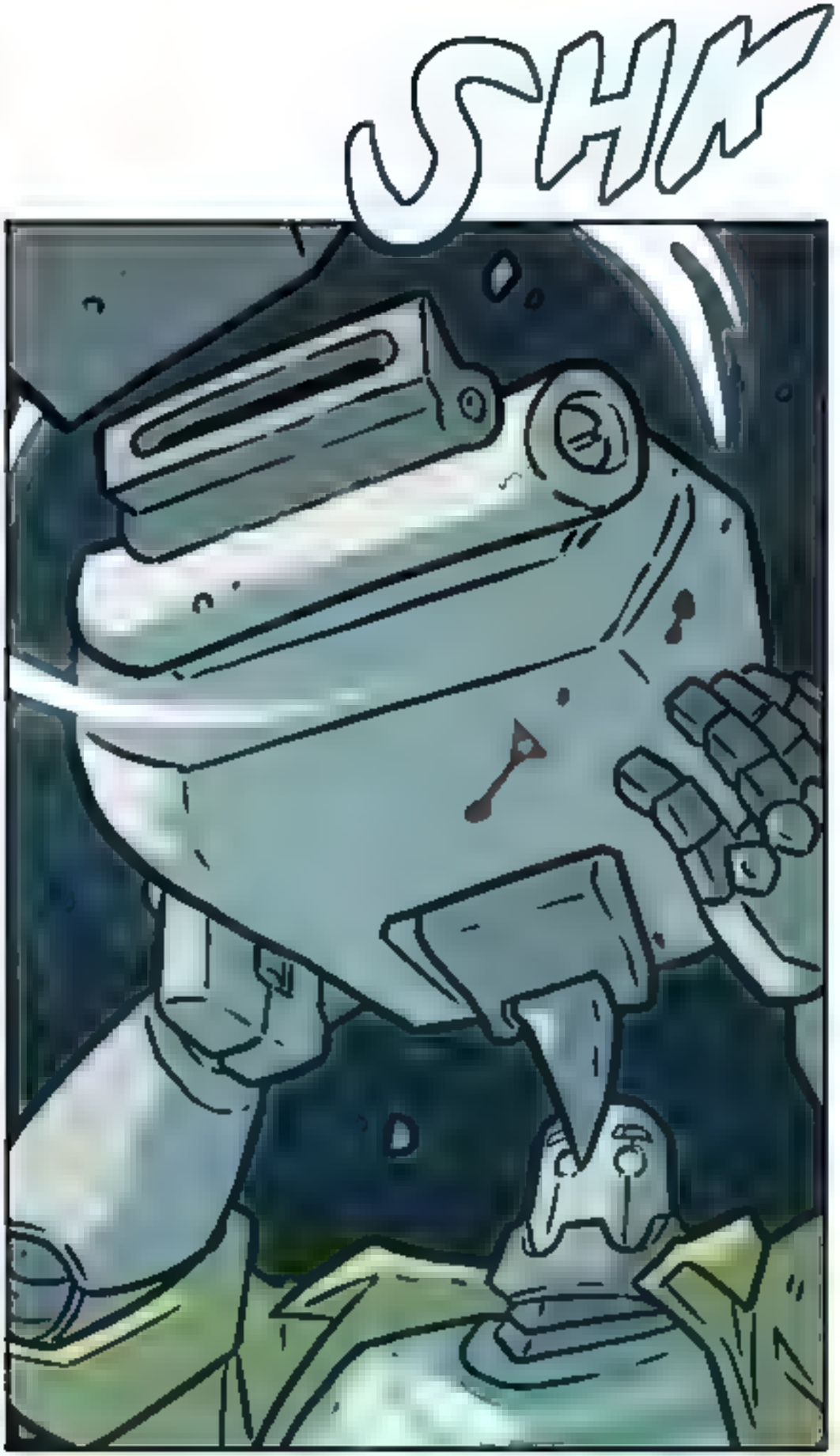




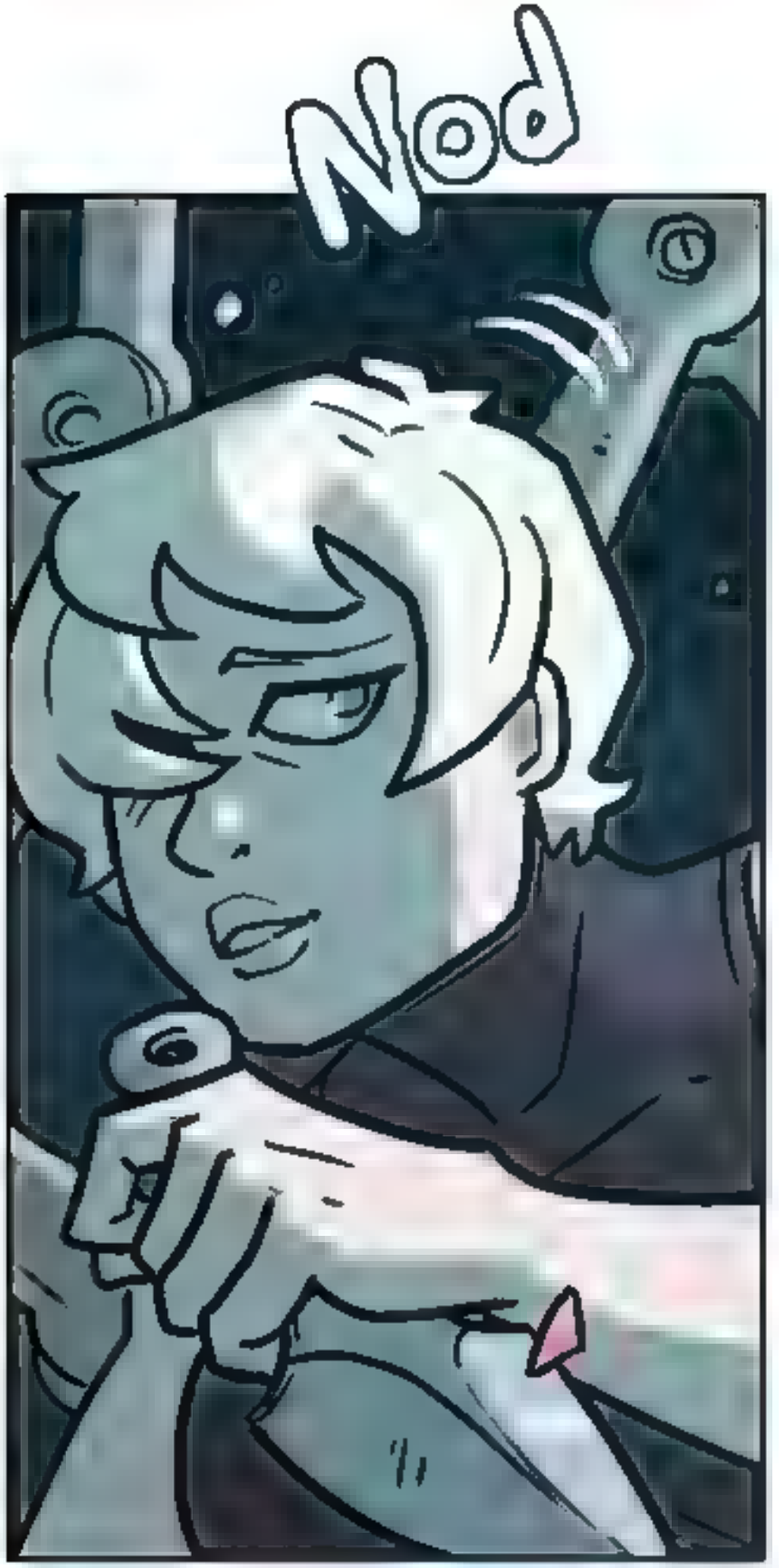



HEY!
Hey you!


Need a lift?!


SHK

Alexandra...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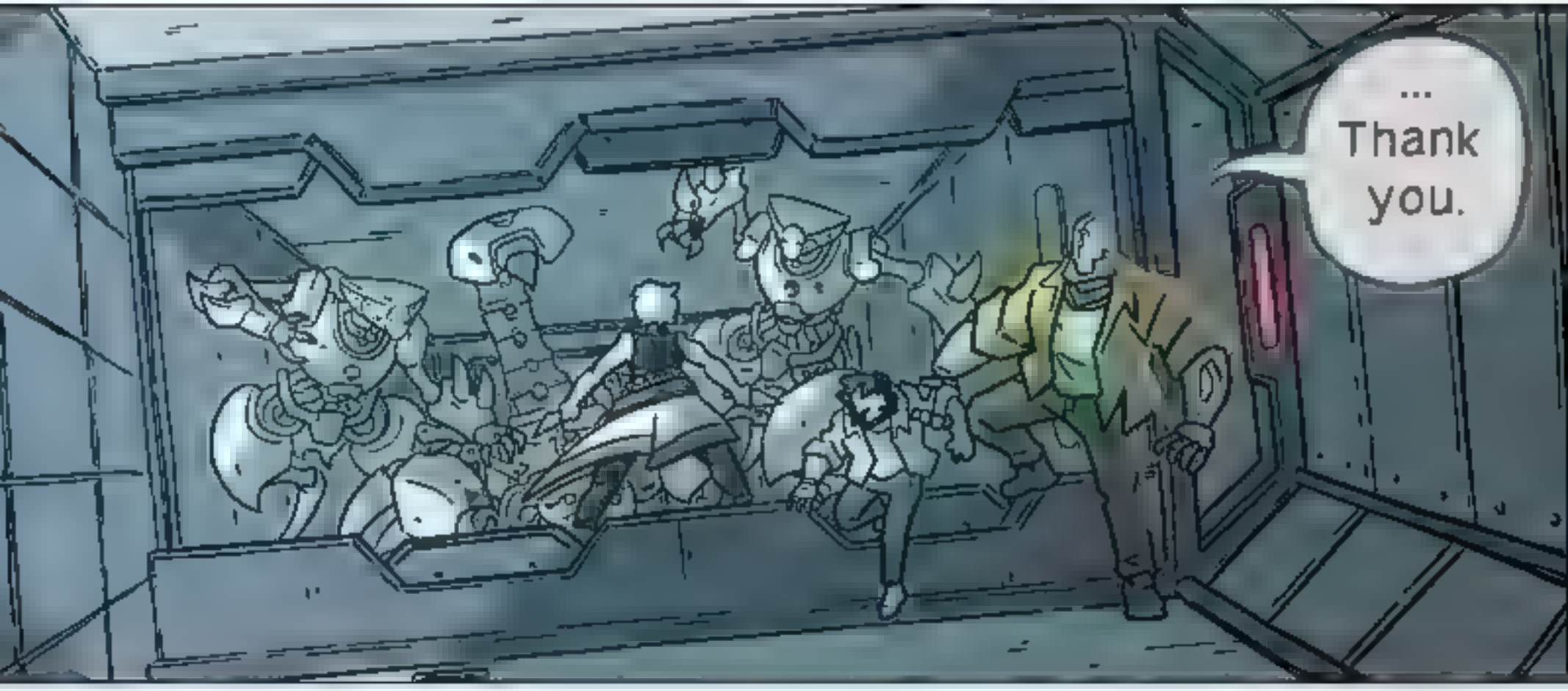
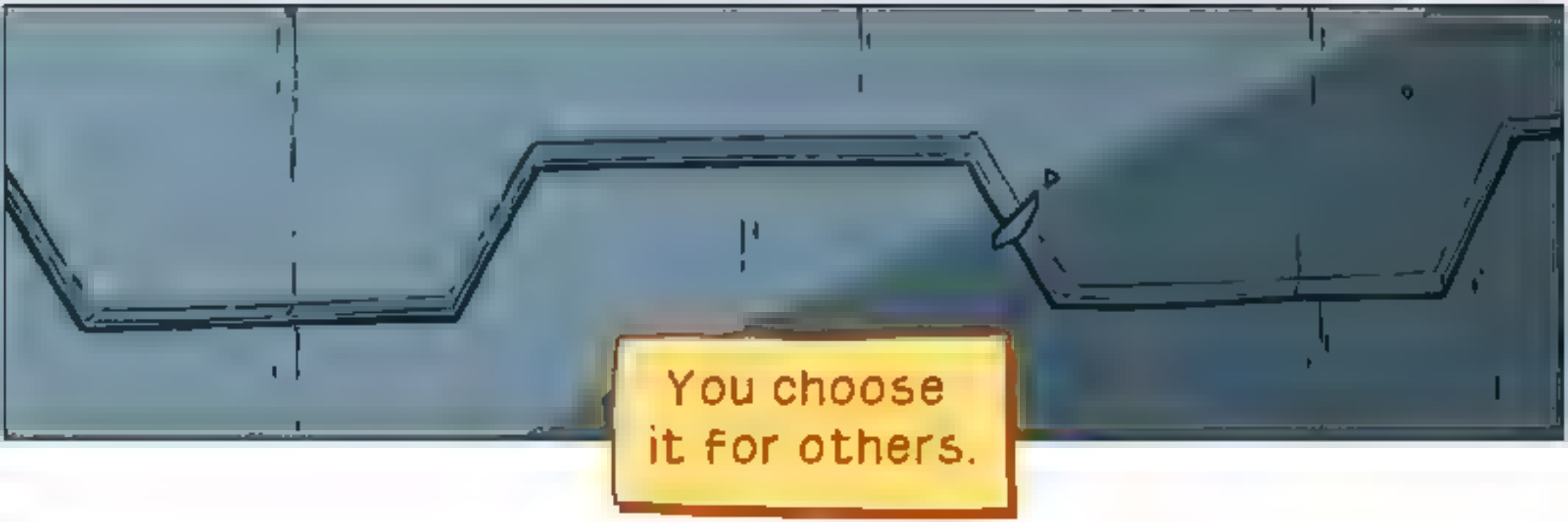

...
Thank you.

Choose joy, little one.
And if you can't choose it for yourself...

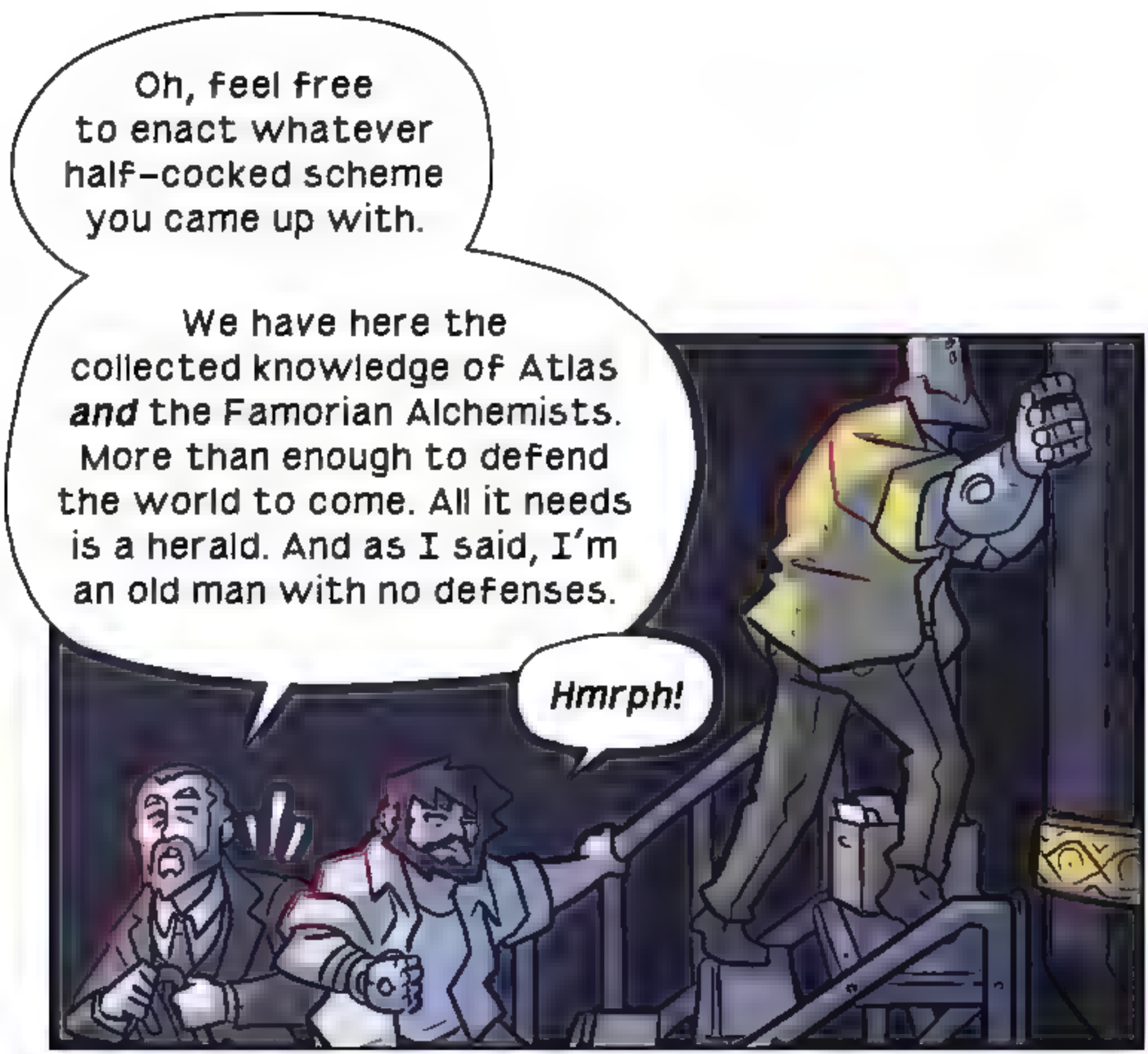

You choose it for others.

It's over, Gold!
Chairman! I must insist that you step away from the Immutable Vessel!

Of course.
As you wish.
I'm just an old man, with no defenses.

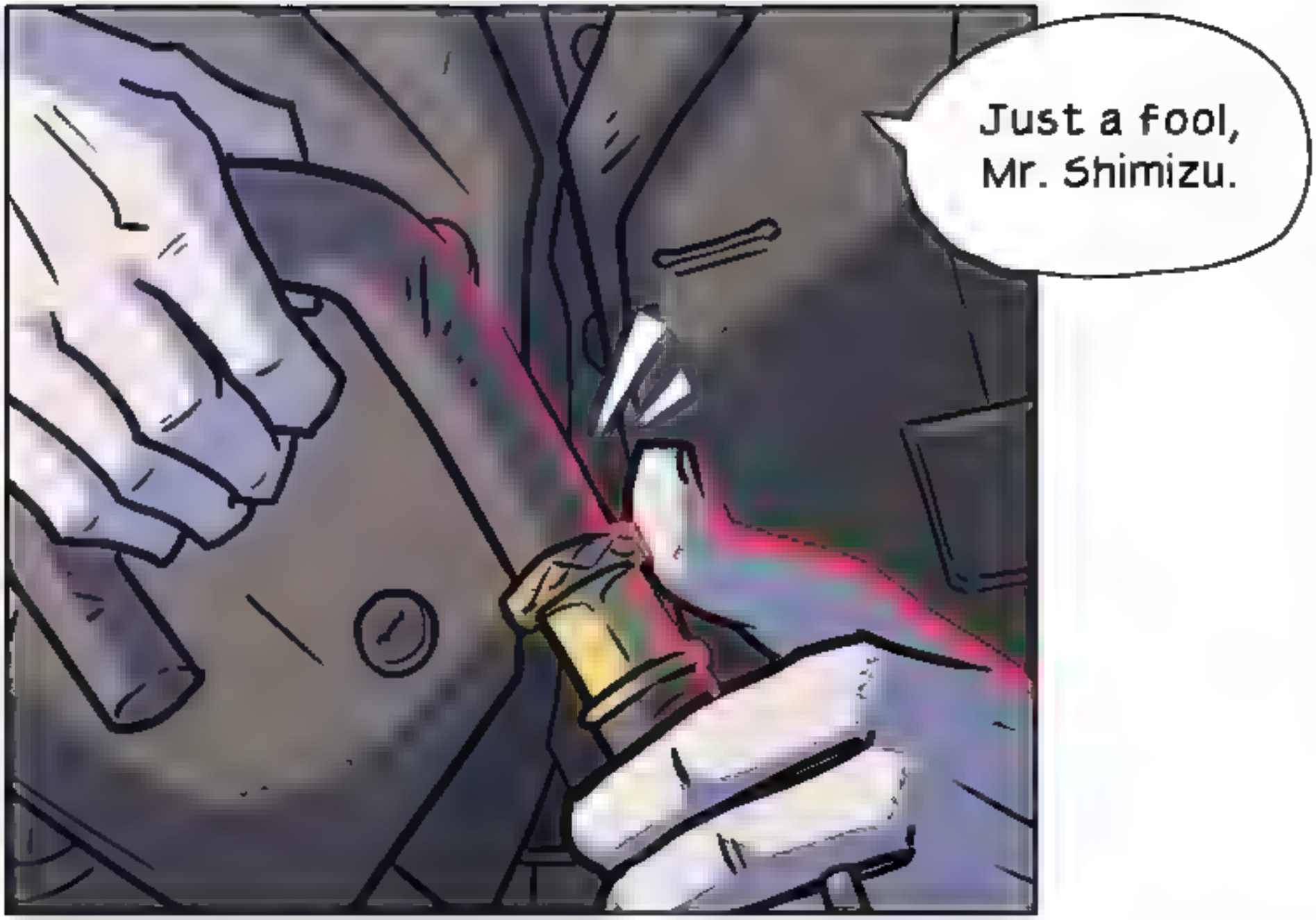
Here, at the end of our species, our truth is clear.

That the men with the power to enact violence are the men who get their way.


Oh, feel free to enact whatever half-cocked scheme you came up with.
We have here the collected knowledge of Atlas *and* the Famorian Alchemists. More than enough to defend the world to come. All it needs is a herald. And as I said, I'm an old man with no defenses.
Hmrph!

You though. You're knowledgeable. You've got some decades left in you. Why not claim the Vessel. Be the next world's savior.
Their *hero.*

Who the hell do you take me for?


Just a fool,
Mr. Shimizu.

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FAN ART BY **AILEEN ZHAO**

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(QUOTE FROM WWW.NADDPOD.COM)

but you have
been asked
to protect it

what an honor.
what an injustice.